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"For when the power of imparting joy is equal to the will, the human soul requires no other heaven."—

(SHELLEY.)

"This is the place where Thou didst bid me stand,  
And work and wait;  
I thought it was a plot of fertile land,  
To tend and cultivate.  
Flower and fruit I said are surely there,  
In rich earth stored;  
And I will make of it a garden fair  
For Thee my Lord.

"Lo! it is set where only bleak skies frown,  
With rank weeds sown,  
And over it the vagrant thistle-down  
Like dust is blown.  
Long have I labored, but the barren soil  
No crop will yield,  
This have I won for all my ceaseless toil  
A bare ploughed field."

"Nay, even here, where thou didst strive and weep,  
Some sunny morn  
Others shall come with joyous hearts and reap  
The full-eared corn.  
Yet is their harvest to thy labor due,  
On Me 'twas spent—  
Are not the furrows driven straight and true?  
Be thou content."

Christian BURKE